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A Whigg Ballad,

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OR, A

SUMMONS

To a fresh

ASSOCIATION.

To the Tune of *Tumble down Dick.*

A Tory thing. 14 Sept. 1682

ON Month of *September* we ſummon you All,
Our Summons is by our *Good Lord Mayor's* Call,
As you *Love Common-Wealth*, and *Abhor White-Hall*:
Which no body can deny.

Tho Vote for *Papiſt* and Weaver *Dubois*
(The Whiggs thrice-beloved, not Citizens, Choice;)
No matter what Reaſon, ſo you make a Noiſe;
Which no body can deny.

(*Ralph Bo*— having, after a long Tory-Tugg,
In ſtead of a Druggiſt, himſelf prov'd a Drugg,
Paid Fine to a Lover of *Dear Mother Mugg*:)
Which, &c.

You All here are cited to Common-Hall Vote.
Each one to lift up his *True Proteſtant Throat*,
And bawl in Defyance of *Men* of *good Note*:
Which, &c.

Theſe are therefore to ſummon each *Eves-dropping Citt*,
Who for a *State-Holder* has dubb'd himſelf fit,
And damns All that's *Loyal* without Fear or Wit:
Which, &c.

To Roar at *Guild-Hall* like *Homerical Mars*,
In defyance oth' Head, with regard to the * *Arſe*. * Rump.
(*Guild-Hall* is your Stage, and Sedition your Farce.)
Which, &c.

Now after a Summons ſo Debonaire,
Held forth by *Proprietour* of the *Chair*,
We challenge All VVhiggs to *Guild-Hall* to repair:
VVhich, &c.

For if half be True, that of late has been bruited,
The Rioting *Whiglanders* ſoon will be Routed,
As ſure as *Don Horniſh* by *Bull* was Cornuted:
VVhich, &c.

Then either born up by bold *Holder forth*,
You'l bravely confront your * *Deadly* Foe *North*, * Dudley.
Contending like Men of *True Proteſtant Worth*:
VVhich, &c.

Or elſe, like *Men-worthy*, at Home you will Stay.
Solacing your VVives tho *Jack Pres-byter way*;
If ſo, *Good Old Cauſe* muſt ſing *Well-a-day*.
VVhich, &c.

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